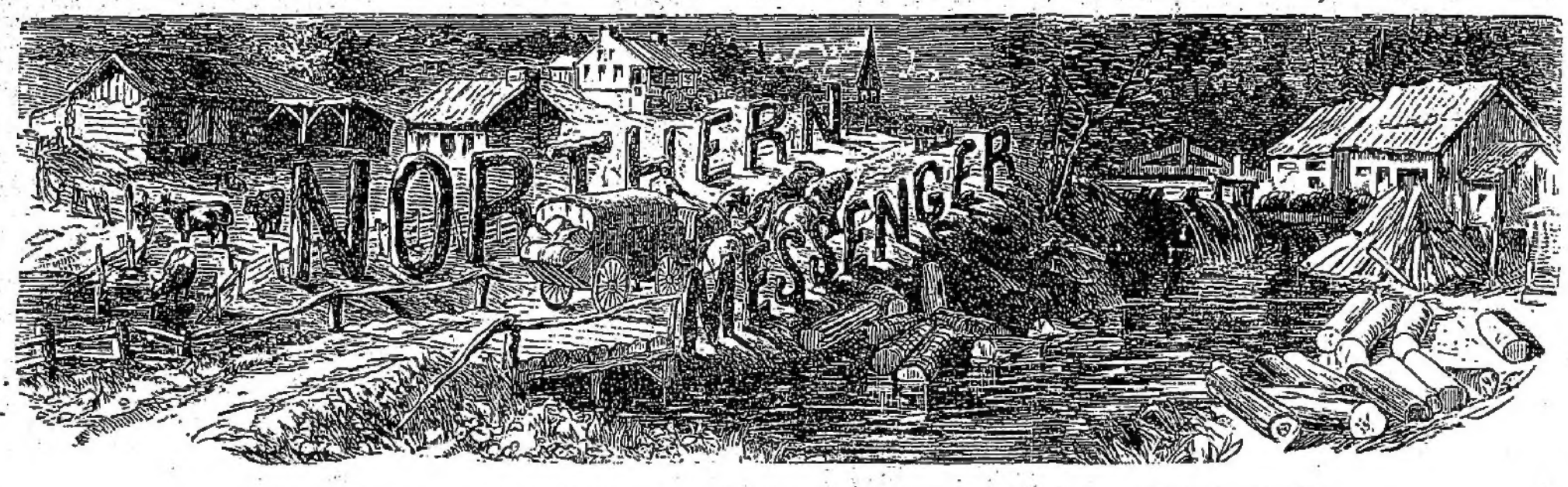

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

One hundred years ago last March the city of London witnessed such a funeral as had never perhaps been seen, either there or in any other part of the world. Other artists had been buried with magnificent state ceremonials, at which the people were mere spectators, but at the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds there was no class which did not feel keenly and demonstrate its sense of the nation's loss. "Never," Burke wrote to his son afterwards, "was a funeral attended with so much sincere concern by all sorts of people."

Fifty years before, Joshua Reynolds, the seventh of a family of eleven, had come to London to put himself under the instruction of Thomas Hudson, the leading portrait painter of the time. He had just escaped being apprenticed to an apothecary. His father was the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, at that time master of the grammar school of Plympton Earl, on the modest salary of £120 a year and a house. On the walls of this old school are yet to be seen the first evidences of his son's budding genius in the shape of some charcoal drawings. Of this father, who is now chiefly known through the fame of his son, a recent writer claims that he should have borne the title of "Duke of Plympton."

"The Chinese," he says, "from whom we can occasionally learn something, hold that if a man becomes great and distinguished, he ennobles his ancestors. They naturally hold that our view of a great man ennobling his descendant is altogether a mistake, for they say he may probably produce a fool—no uncommon occurrence, by the way, with a man of genius—but his ancestors should be distinguished for having produced him. There is no doubt whatever that there is a deal of sound common sense about this theory, and if such a custom could be introduced in England, the good, kind-hearted, generous country schoolmaster should be at once raised to the Peerage under the title I have suggested, not only as a reward for having produced a genius, but as a recognition of his knowing how to take care of and foster the genius with whom he had been blessed. It is just a hundred years since Sir Joshua Reynolds died, and yet he is held in as great esteem as ever, and we cannot help feeling grateful to his father for the way in which he took every pains to improve and encourage the genius of his son. Had he acted in harmony with the spirit of the time, and regarded painters as idle and dissolute people; had he said, 'No, I am a schoolmaster. It is a good, honest calling, and no matter what Joshua's inclinations or capabilities may be, he will have to follow in my footsteps.' In short, had he adopted the attitude and assumed the principles of the pig-headed parent of the period, his son might have died an unsuccessful schoolmaster at Plympton, and the great and famous pictures with which he subsequently delighted the world would have been unpainted."

At the time young Reynolds was drawing his charcoal pictures on the schoolroom walls, he did not apparently give as strong promise of his future genius as others have done. His pictures were at least considered by the family as far less promising than those of his elder brothers and sisters, but that was before he was twelve years old. After that he was not long in distancing his older competitors. Whatever his execution then, the right spirit was in the lad. On being consulted by his father concerning his being apprenticed to an apothecary, he said "he would rather be an apothecary than an ordinary painter, but if he could be bound to an eminent master he would choose the latter."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

A few months later the arrangements were made and towards the close of 1740 the young painter took up his lodgings with Thomas Hudson in Great Queen street.

His stay there, however, was not long. Ostensibly, because of some trifling disobedience of orders, but really, as many are inclined to think, because of jealousy on the part of his master, he was discharged. He went back home to Devonshire and at once set to work to earn his livelihood by painting portraits, but before long he returned to London. By 1746, he had painted a portrait of Captain Hamilton, the father of the Marquis of Abercorn, which work brought him first into notice. His next work was a portrait group of Captain Hamilton, carrying on his back one of the children of the first Lord Eliot. So striking a departure was this from the usual stiff and constrained style of Hudson that it at once brought him into public notice.

He was soon again called back to Devonshire by the death of his father and for the next few years he remained there devoting himself to landscape work, painting portraits when he could get sitters and making a home for his mother and sisters.

Later, through his friendship with Commodore Keppel, he visited Portugal, Spain and Italy, spending two years at Rome. Years before his first instructor, Jonathan Richardson, had predicted that there were qualities in Englishmen which would shed such lustre on the art of painting as would some day astonish the world, and Reynolds returned from abroad determined, as far as in him lay, to fulfil this prediction.

In 1753 Reynolds settled permanently in London. A few years later, he removed to Leicester square, then Leicester fields, the artists' centre, made famous by Hogarth, Wilson and Gainsborough. The room there in which he painted is now used as an auction room.

His industry is described as remarkable. In each year between 1755 and 1760 he is said to have painted from 120 to 150 pictures in each year, and for over twenty years afterwards there is no reason to believe that his industry was any less. "Yet scarcely a single work," says another writer, "which belongs to this period, shows the sign of slovenliness or haste. He managed to seize with unerring eye, and to transcribe with unfaltering hand, the distinctive grace of each sitter—man, woman, or child; he touched with grace each fleeting fashion, and by his art gave it permanency. The warrior, the statesman, and the scholar are depicted with that touch of genius which makes them live before our eyes, and at this distance of time enables us to understand their characteristics better than half the biographies of which they have been the subjects. His women are marked by a grace and a distinction which had been hitherto unperceived by the school of Lely and Kneller, as seen in the numerous portraits of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the Ladies Waldegrave, Lady Charlotte Spencer, and the "beautiful Gunnings," to name only a few of his masterpieces. It is, however, alone in his children that Reynolds appeals most widely, and, perhaps, even most permanently, to his fellow countrymen — "Simplicity," "The Age of Innocence," "Penelope Boothby," "Lesbia," "Miss Pelham feeding Chickens," the "Strawberry Girl," are as familiar in our mouths as household words. Their simple charms never fail, their beauties are ever fresh, and we turn to them with national pride, not only as the works of our greatest artist, but as true types of English child-life. It is here that Reynolds' claim to permanent fame is to be found. Living in an age of low ideals, of half-formed tastes, and of slightly var-

nished social life, he raised the standard of manhood, the beauties of womanhood, and the charms of childhood to a lofty pinnacle, and compelled his contemporaries and their descendants to live in view of this higher, nobler, purer life. He was not intentionally, like Hogarth, a moralist on canvas; but by the strength of his genius he bade men and women see and feel that there was within them something which was not wholly frivolous, worldly, and perishable."

Of his personality, his friend Edmund Burke writes: "His talents of every kind, his social virtues in all the relations of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow."

UNDER SEALED ORDERS.

Out she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbor bar;
As the moon was slowly rising
She faded from sight afar,
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whither her cruise would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery;
She was sailing under "sealed orders,"
To be opened out at sea.

So souls out off from mooring,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and around them,
With scarce a *glimmer of* light—
They are acting under "sealed orders,"
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty
Through good and evil report,
They shall ride the storm out safely,
Be the passage long or short;
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.

DOES THE LORD CARE?

Several years ago I was passing through a severe trial. One day the difficulties seemed to come thicker and faster than I could bear. My faith was shaken. I said to a faithful friend and adviser:—

"Do you suppose the Lord cares anything about our difficulties."

"Of course he does," was the reply.

But with an agony of fear that he did not care, which was harder to bear than any other trial could be, I went into my class-room. While I carried on my recitation the cry was there deep in my heart; "He *does not care*. He does not care."

When my recitation was over a dear girl lingered behind the others and said: "Here is a little book-mark I want to give you."

I took the pretty piece of paper in my hand with a "thank you, my dear," when my eyes fell on the words: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee."

The messenger was gone, but the message lay there in my hand. I looked again with wonder, to see if the words were really there, when the thought came: "That is just like him," and I said aloud, "I will."

Where was the burden? Gone, as completely gone as though the cause had been removed. The sorrow was there but the sting was gone, for the Lord had the burden.

Some time after that I told my little friend that her message had helped me. She said: "I had intended to bring it to you before, but had *forgotten* it. That day I came to school without it, but remembering went home for it."

Was this all a coincidence, or was it the Lord showing his love for his child?

I prefer to believe that it was his own voice bidding me trust him, and I go on giving him my cares, and they are mine no longer. How can they be when I have given them away?

ABOUT INVENTORS.

Stephenson taught himself arithmetic and mensuration whilst working as an engine man during the night shifts.

James Watt, when consulted about the mode of carrying water by pipes under the Clyde along the unequal bed of the river, turned his attention one day to the shell of a lobster, and from that model invented an iron tube, which, when laid down, was found effectually to answer the purpose.

Sir Isambert Brunel took his first lesson in forming the Thames Tunnel from the tiny shipworm. He saw how the little creature perforated the wood with its well-armed head, first in one direction and then in another, till the archway was complete, and then daubed over the roof and sides with a kind of varnish. By copying this work exactly, on a large scale, Brunel was able to construct his shield and accomplish his great engineering work.

When Galvani discovered that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals it could scarcely have been imagined that so apparently insignificant a fact could have led to important results, yet therein lay the germ of the electric telegraph.

Richard Foley, the great nailmaker, twice fiddled his way to Sweden to make himself master of the new process by means of which the Swedes were enabled to make their nails so much cheaper by the use of splitting mills and machinery. He ingratiated himself with the ironworkers by means of his fiddle, and returned to England with all the information he required.—*English Paper.*

OUR BOYS AND THEIR HEROES.

BY JULIA E. PECK.

An International lesson one hour a week is not enough to reach our boys, whose minds and lives are tainted by a course of dime novels and flashy papers. It is a sort of teaching which meets these boys on Sunday with stories of goodness and badness pointed by a moral, and leaves them to drift through the week with their favorite heroes into the wilds of uncivilization and lawlessness.

If we attempt to meet these boys with lesson explanations from our own standpoint of morals and manners, we fail, because their whole mental attitude is one of resistance to law, order, and obedience. The mere telling about law, order, and obedience, is not teaching. If we fall into their line of thought, and pamper their depraved taste for the sensational by enlarging upon the details of wickedness, the horrors of idolatry, war, and bloodshed, because we can hold their attention in this way, our failure will be even more deplorable. The moral of our story they will hardly hear; we have only increased their knowledge of evil.

Their ideas of the relations of good and evil are already so distorted that they can only be saved by a teaching that shall turn their thoughts into entirely new channels, and change even their tastes and habits. A four years' course of evil reading has placed the boy outside the reach of ordinary instruction, for he lives in a world of dreams, surrounded on all sides by *imaginary* enemies. One of the results of this reading is a morbid self-consciousness wholly unchildlike. The boy is constantly personating his favorite heroes, and he does not lose himself in outside interests, like other children; he does not forget his mental attitude of heroism for a moment. He lives in an atmosphere of irreverence toward God and man, which he learns from his heroes, who teach him the superiority of bright boys over parents, elders, and deacons. He longs to follow in the footsteps of these noble beings, who win gold and glory by ignoring the rights of others, placing no value upon human life, and holding law and authority in contempt.

A teacher who can win the attention of a boy with a lesson that shall take him out of this morbid self-consciousness even for a short time, has begun a work of transformation. If the child's mind could be emptied, the process of filling it with comparative lessons of good and evil would be a simple matter. The problem is, how to turn what is already evil into good, and to meet at every point a viciousness which must be transformed into its corresponding virtue.

The boy whose mind is filled with these stories is abnormally lazy. Excitement moves him to action, but ordinary, everyday duties do not fall to the lot of his heroes, who win their gold and glory by a combination of fortunate circumstances. Therefore he reasons that all effort, except under the spur of excitement, is useless. A teacher who can present the lesson in such a way that, during the week, this boy works it out by himself, by a thoughtful use of his executive faculties, is wonderfully successful.

At this point, reading even his good Sunday-school books will not help him so much as a systematic pursuit of some object that calls forth great activity. He is now out of harmony with law and order. What shall give him a clearer idea of these things than the study of God's law and order in nature?

A teacher may work wonders with the aid of a microscope and a proper guidance in the study of insect life. If this occupation for the child includes the delight of collecting and arranging the treasures found by his own exertion, he is most happy to learn, not only by his own observation, but by all the books his teacher can supply. But at first books are a hinderance. His mind is stultified already by too much reading; he needs more of the orderly, classified thinking that must result from his own observation.

If these lessons are taught systematically, the child, by his own efforts, will seek to gain further knowledge; and when he finds no end in time and space to the study of his Creator's power, his false heroes fall away one by one, and are replaced by a world full of wonderful beings, created by a God of whom he now speaks with reverence and awe.—*Sunday-School Times.*

A NOTE OF WARNING.

The greatest cotton planter in the United States, a Mr. Richardson, recently died of nicotine poisoning. Says the *Presbyterian*:

"Mr. Richardson was a man of large wealth, of great business foresight, and of influence in political and business circles. But when a slight disease attacked him, it was found that his body had been so weakened by cigarette-smoking that he succumbed at once. Medical skill could do nothing when all the functions of the system were found vitiated by the fatal habit. A custom which at the first seemed to be as light as the filament of the spider's web, at last grew to be a manacle strong as iron, from which there was no escape."

We say to the young, beware of tobacco in every form. Those who have formed the habit of using tobacco would find it so hard to break that habit that to them "we have no message."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.—JUNE 5, 1892.

THE FIERY FURNACE.—*Daniel 3: 13-25.*

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."—Isa. 43: 2.

HOME READINGS.

M. Daniel 3: 1-12.—The Golden Image.
T. Daniel 3: 13-28.—The Fiery Furnace.
W. Isaiah 43: 1-12.—Safe in the Fire.
Th. Exod. 14: 13-31.—Israel's Protector.
F. 2 Kings 6: 8-20.—Elisha's Body-guard.
S. 1 Peter 4: 12-19.—The Fiery Trial.
S. Psalm 31: 1-22.—The Righteous Delivered.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Faithful Witnesses. vs. 13-18.
II. The Furnace of Fire. vs. 19-23.
III. The Divine Deliverer. vs. 24, 25.

TIME.—About B.C. 587, *not far from the time of* the destruction of Jerusalem and of the temple, and about sixteen years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—The plain of Dura, about four miles *south-east of Babylon.*

OPENING WORDS.

Nebuchadnezzar set up a golden image in the plain of Dura, and commanded at its dedication that all his subjects should worship it, under penalty of being cast into a burning fiery furnace. Daniel's three friends refused to obey. Nebuchadnezzar ordered them to be brought into his presence. His command was repeated, but they again refused to obey.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

14. *Is it true*—Revised Version, "Is it of purpose." 15. *Who is that God*—he defies Jehovah's power. 16. *We are not careful to answer thee*—Revised Version, "we have no need to answer thee." 17. *Will deliver us*—either from death or in death. 18. *But if not*—we will obey him and trust in him. Job 13: 15. 21. *Coats....hosen.... hats*—the three parts of the Babylonian costume—wide, long trousers, inner tunics and outer mantles. 24. *Astonied*—astonished, amazed. 25. *Four men loose*—instead of three men bound. *Like the Son of God*—Revised Version, "like a son of the gods." Only a divine being, the king knew, could thus live in the fire himself, or preserve others there. Of course he knew nothing of the true Son of God, but doubtless it was He who, as the angel of the Lord, at various times appeared to saints of old.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? What did Nebuchadnezzar set up? Whom did he assemble? What command was given?

I. THE FAITHFUL WITNESSES. vs. 13-18.—Who refused to obey? What did the king command? What did he say to them when they were brought before him? What did they reply? How did the king threaten them? What was their answer?

II. THE FURNACE OF FIRE. vs. 19-23.—What did the king command? How was his command executed? What became of the men who cast them into the furnace? What became of the three men?

III. THE DIVINE DELIVERER. vs. 24, 25.—What wonder did the king behold? Who was this fourth person? What did the king then do? v. 26. Who were witnesses of this event? v. 27.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should dare to do right at all hazards.
2. Christ will be with us in every trial.
3. Nothing can harm us if he is by our side.
4. He will either deliver us from trouble or support us in it.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Nebuchadnezzar do? Ans. He set up an image of gold, and commanded the people to worship it.
2. Who refused to obey him? Ans. Daniel's three friends, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.
3. What was done with them? Ans. They were bound and cast into a burning fiery furnace.
4. What did the king see? Ans. Four men walking unhurt in the midst of the fire.
5. What did he then do? Ans. He called the three friends out of the fire, and treated them with great honor.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 12, 1892

THE DEN OF LIONS.—Daniel 6: 16-28.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 19-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"No manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God."—Daniel 6: 23.

HOME READINGS.

M. Daniel 6: 1-15.—The Wicked Conspiracy.
T. Daniel 6: 16-28.—The Den of Lions.
W. Acts 12: 1-17.—Peter Delivered.
Th. Acts 16: 16-40.—Paul and Silas in Prison.
F. Proverbs 11: 1-21.—The Righteous and the Wicked.
S. Psalm 57: 1-11.—A Cry for Deliverance.
S. Heb. 11: 32-40.—The Triumphs of Faith.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Thrown to Lions. vs. 16-18.
II. Protected by Angels. vs. 19-24.
III. Honored by the King. vs. 25-28.

TIME.—B.C. 537; Daniel about 85 years old; Cyrus king of Medo-Persian empire; Darius king or viceroy of the Babylonian province under Cyrus.

PLACE.—Babylon.

OPENING WORDS.

We pass over an interval of fifty years. Cyrus takes Babylon, and Darius the Mede becomes king or viceroy of the Babylonian provinces under Cyrus, the king of the Medo-Persian empire. Daniel is raised to the highest position of honor under Darius. His chief officers, seeking occasion against Daniel, obtain a law that whoever should pray during thirty days, except to the king, should be cast into the den of lions. Daniel, notwithstanding the interdict, prays to his God, and is complained of to the king.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

16. *The den of lions*—ancient monuments show that this mode of punishment was practised. 17. *With his own signet*—so that it could not be removed without breaking the seal—a crime of the highest kind. 18. *The king went to his palace*—his heart heavy with grief and shame. 19. *Very early*—at dawn, before it was light. 20. *Servant of the living God*—having life himself, and able to preserve life. Psalm 42: 2; 84: 3; 1 Sam. 17: 36. 21. *O king, live for ever*—the common form of salutation in addressing the king. 22. *His angel*—Psalm 34: 7; 91: 11; Dan. 9: 21; Heb. 1: 14. 23. *Because he believed*—faith in his God controlled all his conduct. 25. *Darius wrote unto all people*—proclaimed throughout his kingdom that Daniel's God was the living God, as proved by the deliverance of Daniel from the power of the lions. 28. *In the reign of Cyrus the Persian*—who began B.C. 536. *How long* in this reign he lived we do not know.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—By whom was Babylon taken? What position did Daniel occupy under Darius? How did the other officers feel toward him? What plot did they form against him? What decree did they persuade the king to pass? What did Daniel do when he heard of this decree? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THROWN TO LIONS. vs. 16-18.—How was the decree executed? What did the king say to Daniel? How was the den secured? How did the king spend the night?

II. PROTECTED BY ANGELS. vs. 19-24.—What did the king do in the morning? What did he say to Daniel? What was Daniel's reply? How did the king feel at this news? What did he command? What was Daniel's condition when taken up out of the den? Why was this? What became of his accusers?

III. HONORED BY THE KING. vs. 25-28.—What decree did the king issue? What reason did he give for this decree? How was Daniel honored?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Those who yield to evil counsel will be sorry for it.
2. Those who oppose God's purpose will fail.
3. Those who trust in God will be taken care of by him.
4. God often brings upon wicked men the evil they plotted for others.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What wicked law was made in Babylon? Ans. That whosoever should pray, for thirty days, to any save the king, should be cast into the den of lions.
2. Who disobeyed this law? Ans. Daniel, as was his custom, prayed three times a day to his God.
3. How was Daniel punished for so doing? Ans. He was cast into the den of lions, according to the decree.
4. How did the Lord preserve him? Ans. He sent his angel and shut the lions' mouths, so that they did not hurt him.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. GLEN'S ECONOMY.

When pretty little Ruth Hoyte married Fred Glen, and exchanged her father's comfortable home for a little four roomed cottage in a western town, she stood aghast at the bareness of the little rooms. In each four straight walls confronted her. Not an alcove or closet about the house! Not even a pantry or store room off the kitchen! But she was a sensible woman, and knew that when she became the wife of a mechanic taking him for better or worse, she could not expect the new home to be so commodious or convenient as the old. She wisely determined to make the best of everything; and decided that her kitchen and dining-room should contain the necessary conveniences for doing work, even though the little parlor should wait awhile for some of the much desired ornaments.

On the day of their arrival, Mr. Glen placed in her hands a sum of money to be used for furnishing, saying it was all he could spare for the present and she must try and make it do. The next morning she gaily set out, deciding to buy the kitchen and dining-room furniture first. When she saw the convenient kitchen tables, sinks, commodious cupboards, portable closets, etc., she thought it would be easy to so furnish the kitchen as not to miss a pantry: but on pricing these, found that to buy the kitchen outfit alone would take nearly all the money she had.

As they were to board for a week, she started home to think the matter over before buying anything. Passing a second-hand store, the impulse seized her to enter. Here she obtained many ideas and went home to quietly think them out and adapt them to her new home.

A plain, pine table, containing a large drawer, costing at the second-hand store less than one dollar, had two shelves fitted in; the ends enclosed, and doors hung in front. As Mr. Glen was handy with tools, this was done after work hours. When it had received a coat of cherry stain and an oilcloth cover, it presented an attractive appearance, as well as making a serviceable work table and receptacle for the various cooking utensils. It stood near the stove, so that in cooking and baking, her work could be done with less outlay of time and strength than where many steps are required between table and stove.

Small iron brackets supported a set of shelves just above this table, and held tea, coffee, spices, condiments, and all such things, as well as tins, measures, mixing bowls, spoons, etc. A bright-flowered chintz curtain hung before the shelves, although it was intended that "some day" Mr. Glen would fit a pair of doors to them.

What to do with flour and baking utensils was a problem at first, as Mrs. Glen felt she could not at present invest in any kind of a flour chest or closet. A packing box, two feet square and three feet long, was set up at the opposite end of the table from the stove. A shelf to hold baking tins was put in about ten inches from the top. Below this shelf was set in a sack of flour and small ones of graham and corn meal, while the rolling pin stood in one corner. A bag for the moulding board was made from two flour sacks and hung behind the box. A curtain of brown denim, and an oil cloth cover completed this novel little closet, on whose top stood water pail and dipper.

Instead of buying an ironing-board, Mr. Glen hinged to the wall one end of a board twenty inches wide and three feet long. When not in use it dropped against the wall and took up no room. When in use it was supported by a prop, one end of which rested on the floor against the wall, the other coming out to the opposite end, and held in place by a cleat on its under side.

A small, three shelf cupboard, with large drawers, holding common dishes, tea towels, extra holders and the like, and two rush-bottomed chairs, on one of which Mr. Glen put a pair of rockers, completed the furniture of the kitchen, excepting the stove, which all told cost but little more than one of the large kitchen tables filled with drawers and shelves, which Mrs. Glen had at first thought necessary.

For the windows there were brown Holland shades, that the room might be darkened, and over these straight, full lambrequins made from the flounce of an old cream-colored lawn dress with pink polka dots.

A small mirror, costing but a few cents, hung over a shelf covered with a lambrequin like that of the windows which held brush and comb; and the book or the paper she happened to be reading, that she might now and then snatch a few thoughts in the intervals of her work. Below this shelf hung a pretty home-made paper rack. One or two wood-cuts and a water color sketch of morning-glories, all in home-made frames, brightened the walls, and a cozier, homier, kitchen would be hard to find; and we doubt that a prouder little mistress existed than Mrs. Glen; for she felt that she had accomplished wonders in the way of convenient economical furnishing.
—*Clara S. Everts, in Household.*

DO YOU KNOW.

That you can make your own hand grenades, to be used in case of fire, by filling old quart bottles with the following? Chloride of lime, crude, twenty parts; common salt, five parts; water, seventy-five parts. Those who have convenient hand-pumps may keep this solution handy, and throw it with the pump.

That you can clean your brass kettle with a solution of oxalic acid in water? Apply with flannel, wash off, and polish with chamois-skin.

That, if you drop acid on your clothes, the immediate application of ammonia will destroy the effect?

That you can keep butter and milk fresh a long time in warm weather without ice, by wrapping a large porous pot in a wet cloth and inverting it over the butter or milk? The external evaporation cools the interior.

That you can make your own white-wine vinegar by adding five gallons of rain water to ten pounds of mashed raisins and letting it stand in a warm place for a month.

That a water bottle, the interior of which has become coated with carbonate of lime from hard water, may be cleaned by washing in water in which a teaspoonful of spirits of salts has been dissolved? Rinse well before using.

That citric acid will remove ink stains?

That copper may be cleaned by adding a little solution of bichromate of potash to diluted nitric acid? This should be used with care.

That hot water used in making a sponge cake will make it much whiter? Cold water produces a yellow cake.

That a little borax or soda in the dish-water makes brighter tinware, and is better than soap.

That jelly will not mould if a thin layer of paper dipped in the white of an egg is laid upon the top.

That half a teaspoonful of sugar gives a fine flavor to brown gravy.

TO TEACH A CHILD TRUTHFULNESS.

There is no other way to teach a child truthfulness except by example. A fact that parents seldom take into account in the training of their children, in the ways of truthfulness is that a young child is not born with an instinct for truth telling. The love of truth is an acquired virtue. A child can have it, but it must be taught it. And the way to teach truth is to live it. Never depart from the strictest truth with a child and he will soon come to know what truth means.

And be patient if his little feet follow your own in truth's highway, faltering sometimes. Remember how perplexed the little brain must often be betwixt the world of realities in which he dwells part of the time and the world of unrealities into which his busy imagination gives him the entree. He spends two-thirds of the working time in playing that things are something else. He hitches a chair up with a rope and it is a fiery steed or a train of cars. Put a big cocked hat on his head and he straightway becomes a fireman and rescues throngs of stricken people from a burning building. The cat is a lion or tiger or a whale, as need may be, and the stuffed doll is a sick baby, over which the smal mother weeps profusely. In this shadowy, half-true world the little ones live, and then suddenly one of their elders swoops down upon them and demands the sharpest, most accurate statement of facts from a bewildered little mind that cannot even know whether the world of fact is the one it habitually dwells in or not. The only wonder is that children are not all hopeless liars.—*Tribune.*

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

It is a common saying that "to-morrow never comes," but how many of us spoil "to-day," by fretting about "to-morrow." In many cases it is as absurd as it is useless to borrow trouble from the future. Let us be as happy as we can in the present, and we will be the better able, mentally and physically, to bear the burdens, cares and disappointments of another day. This does not imply that we may be careless and improvident of the present, and thereby make certain that to-morrow will bring forth retribution; but each day well spent will be an almost sure investment for next day's welfare and of future happiness. A contented mind is a perpetual feast. Patience, perseverance, pluck, and prudence, are the quartette that go to make the music and melody of a noble life.

When worry and care and toil are ours,
And the day's weary heights we climb,
Let's think of the restful evening hours—
We live but one day at a time!

So let us toil on for those we love,
To fret and despair is a crime;
'Twill lessen our load to look above;
We live but one day at a time!

To labor and toil is man's estate,
The reward will come—dime by dime;
Be it ours to bravely work and wait;
We live but one day at a time.

Then work with a will and sing this lay
To the tune of the evening's chime,—
"Let canker and care fly swift away!"
We live but one day at a time!

And at last, when life's grey shadows fall,
Ere we pass to the realms sublime,
We shall hear the Master's welcome call:
"Thou hast lived well, one day at a time!"

Toronto. JOHN IMRIE.

USEFUL HINTS.

In icing cakes the knife should be frequently dipped into cold water.——The best thing to clean tinware is common soda; rub on briskly with a damp cloth, after which, wipe dry.——To preserve the rich, fruity flavor, do not boil prunes. Allow them to soak over night in cold water, enough to cover the prunes. Then take the prunes out and boil the water in which they have soaked; add sugar to taste and boil fifteen minutes. Then add the prunes and set off on the range and allow them to simmer thirty minutes; then set off to cool.——By rubbing with a flannel dipped in whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups which have been used for baking.——Paper bags, in which many articles are sent from the grocers, should be saved for use when blacking a stove. The hand can be slipped into one of these, and the brush handled just as well, and the hands will not be soiled.——Give your oil-cloths a light coat of varnish when putting them down, renewing the varnish each time before they get dingy. This care will keep them bright, and they will also last much longer.——Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor, or cedar shavings.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

FLOORS.—The cleanest and most perfectly polished floors have no water used on them. They are simply rubbed off every morning with a large flannel cloth, which is soaked in kerosene oil once in two or three weeks. Shake the dust out of the cloth, and with a rubbing brush or stubby broom go rapidly up and down the planks—not across them. After a few rubbings the floor will assume a polished appearance that is not easily defaced by dirt or footprints.

WHITE OR BROWN SAUCE.—On my kitchen wall I have written on a placard, hung just above my cooking-table, a recipe which we are using almost constantly in one way or another. It is this: Melt in a saucepan a piece of butter the size of an egg, and add two even tablespoons of sifted flour; one ounce of butter to two of flour being a safe rule. Stir till smooth, and pour in slowly one pint of milk, or milk with water, or water alone. With milk it is called cream roux, and it is used for boiled fish and poultry. Where the butter and flour are allowed to brown it is called a brown roux, and is thinned with the soup or stew which it is designed to thicken. If others who have not been satisfied with the manner in which their sauces, stews and gravies are made, would adopt this plan, they might be as pleased with the result as we have been. Formerly, our cook would persist in mixing the flour with a little cold milk instead of cooking it in the butter.

A COMPANY DINNER.—One of the pleasantest hospitalities we can extend to old friends is an invitation to spend the day with us, but it is a common mistake, on that occasion, to leave them soon after their arrival and banish ourselves to the kitchen, for the morning, at least. To avoid this we have adopted a company dinner—not so called because it is better than our ordinary meals, but because its easy preparation gives us more time for our guests. This dinner consists of pot roast of beef, potatoes, and one easily-prepared vegetable, as sliced tomatoes, cucumbers or cold pickled beets. For dessert we have rice pudding (cold) and fruit. If the same guests do not come frequently this dinner will do good service many times. It is a great favorite with us at all times, and is still further recommended for its cheapness.

Pot Roast.—Three pounds of common round steak in one thick piece. Wash it, trim off the fat, lay it flat and sprinkle over it two level teaspoons of salt, one of seasoning (sage, marjoram or savory) and a dash of pepper. Roll it up, tie firmly with strings, dredge it well with flour, put it in a tin or earthen dish that has a close cover, add one tablespoon of vinegar, cover closely and set on the back of the stove where it will cook slowly two hours. Turn occasionally if it shows signs of burning on bottom. In two hours add half a pint of boiling water, and let it cook slowly two hours longer. This is similar to braised beef and quite as delicious. The slow cooking gives rich gravy.

Rice Pudding.—One quart milk, one large mixing spoon of rice, scant cup of sugar, half a cup of raisins, a small piece of butter and a little salt. Stir often until it boils, and then not at all. Bake slowly three hours. To be eaten cold the next day without sauce.—*Household.*

PUZZLES NO. 10.

CHARADE.

Where's the *first* the name that bears
Of my *whole*? Where useful wares
Bringing, taking, vessels ride,
Borne on Fundy's fluctuant tide.

Where the sea-breeze fresh and free
Tempts the tourist, *whole* we see,
By New England's storm-beat shore,
Hills behind and sea before.

In the distant western *last*,
Busy, new, and growing fast;
Where Columbia's waters roll,
There again is found my *whole*.

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

NUMERICAL BIBLE ENIGMA.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 4, 23, 14, 25, are righteous.
My 15, 6, 24, 20, 9, an ancient priest.
My 2, 20, 15, 7, 12, 9, a place of peace.
My 3, 9, 18, 5, 16, to go in.
My 27, 24, 26, 1, 19, foam.
My 15, 10, 13, 8, 9, 30, to rise up.
My 23, 12, 9, 18, 22, 17, kindliness of manner.
My 21, 29, 23, 11, true, pure, holy.
My 19, 29, 22, 30, to take in the hand.
My whole is the first sentence in a very beautiful psalm.

I. G. P.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A vessel. 2. An imaginary man, who is the terror of small children. 3. A term applied to the sciences. 4. To try the strength.

METAGRAMS.

1. Separate a fruit, and leave an exclamation and an article of kitchen furniture. 2. Behead custom, and leave an herb; again, and leave a period of time. 3. Change the first letter of a timepiece and make a piece of wood; change again, and make a crowd; behead, and leave a means of safety. 4. Change the first letter of a whip, and make an article of dress; again, and make to crush; again, and make bold; again, and make money; again, and make to hurl; again, and make an article of food; again, and make to renovate; behead, and leave a kind of wood. 5. Behead a national emblem, and leave to loiter.

ENIGMA.

You will find me in boot, but not in sandal.
Also in touch, but not in handle.
In cloth and in cotton, but not in thread.
And I'm also in foot, but not in head.
I'm found in the stove, but not in the grate.
In door and in window, but not in the gate.
In Tom and Lottie, but not in Ben.
In now and before, but not in then.
In drone I'm found also, but not in bee.
I'm found in the ocean, but not in the sea.
I'm in yourself, but not in me.
Now, quick-witted solver, who may I be?

DIAMOND.

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* * *
* * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * *
*

A consonant. A small apron. A girl's name. Prevaricating. To ascend. Finis. A consonant.
The centrals, downward, must correspond with the centrals across.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 9.

SQUARE.—
F I N D
I D E A
N E A R
D A R N

CHARADE.—Night-in-gale.

HIDDEN TREES.—1. Fir. 2. Maple. 3. Pine. 4. Hemlock. 5. Elm. 6. Willow. 7. Ash.

SQUARE.—
D I S H
I D E A
S E E R
H A R P

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—
1. P ride.—Prov. 16. 18.
2. R aven.—Lev. 11. 15.
3. I vory.—1 Kings 10, 18.
4. E ye.—Matt. 6. 22.
5. S word.—Eph. 6. 18.
6. T ruth.—John 8. 32.

Priest.—Hebrews 7.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Isabella Easdale, H. E. Greene, Martha M. Adair, James A Proudfoot, Caleb F. Lane, and Marion E. Reed.

PUZZLE COMPETITION.

Don't forget the puzzle competition mentioned a few weeks ago. We expect a great many to compete for the prize.

The Family Circle.

BARBARIAN BABIES.

When a little duck picks its way through its shell, it shakes itself, begins to quack, and paddles off toward a puddle of water. A pig no more than a few hours old can scramble around and make nearly as much noise, grunting and squealing, as can its mother. A colt or a calf, when very young, can travel many miles by its parent's side.

But the human young one is such a helpless being that, if left to itself even when it is several years old, it must die. It is just a little bundle of gristle and soft muscle, with a few active nerves, and a brain in the process of construction.

Children of civilized people usually have a watcher, who is either a grandmother, mother, sister, or nurse, and they are supplied with food, and have warm, comfortable homes to live in. When they are tired of their cradles, they can creep about on the floor.

But with most barbarous tribes the houses have little fire, or none at all, and the members of the family are too much occupied in getting food to devote all their time to the children. The babies have, therefore, little beds, cradles, or, more properly, homes of their own, where they are tucked away or strapped in, with warm skins and rags, where they can be kept from mischief, and in which they can be carried on their mother's back as she travels or works.

Our beautiful baby-carriages, with their soft linings and warm coverings, our dainty cribs and beds, with the lace spreads and fancy blankets, are adapted to our life. They represent our civilization; and while we are pushing these beautiful carriages or rocking these dainty cradles, let us see how the children of some other people of the world get their airings or take their naps.

The Lapps, a people who live in the most northerly part of Europe, make a little boat-shaped cradle of wood (Fig. 1), into

FIG. 1.

which they first put dry moss, and afterward lay the naked baby, covering him with moss or rags, and putting over all a covering of reindeer skin. Here the little fellow kicks and cries, or laughs and sings, as he chooses, and very little attention is paid to him.

Sometimes this cradle is hung to the side of the hut by cords, or to the mother's back by a string passed around her forehead. When the family starts on a journey, the baby's cradle is swung to the reindeer's horns, and "baby, cradle and all," go swinging over the ice and snow.

These little fellows, when they take a bath, wear a funny little cap to protect their heads. Their mother believes that if the water soaks in, it will give the child "water on the brain."

Russian babies—of course we are speaking now of the more primitive peoples of the great Russian Empire—are given no clothes until they are baptized, when the priest puts on each child a little shirt. This they wear till they are four years old. At that age the boys have a kind of little breeches, and the girls little sleeveless dresses.

In winter they wear a fur overcoat, and shoes of woven bark, cloth, or strings.

On the other side of the pole from the Laplanders, in the Arctic regions, are the Eskimos of North America. Their manner of caring for their children is not at all like that of the Laplanders.

They are extremely tender and careful of their young, and never go from home without them. They spend many hours during their long, weary winter in devising games and making toys with which the little ones shall while away the time.

In the winter the houses of the Eskimos are made of snow, and within them they burn blubber and oil. The babies cannot very well be strapped to frames and set against the side of the house to amuse themselves, because they would freeze. The mother has a great fur hood attached to her skin dress. Into this the baby is put when it is born, and there it lies and sleeps, being taken out only to be fed. It wears no clothes, and does not need them, for the fur is soft and warm.

After it has lain in the hood some months, the little Eskimo child begins to be ambitious, and crawls up and peeps out. If it sees a stranger, or notices anything that frightens it, it nestles back into its house, and lies very quiet and still.

FIG 2.

When it becomes stronger, it crawls upon its mother's shoulder, and tickles her ear or pulls her hair as she goes about her work with the little fellow hanging around her neck, or sitting on her shoulder. The mother is not as much annoyed by the baby's performances as she would be by a fly (Fig. 2).

Here is a picture of a Russian cradle or baby-house (Figs. 3 and 4),—for it is really like a house,—which is made of wood or braided rushes, and lined inside and out with skins. The baby is placed inside. If it is summer, the lid is left open; if winter, it is closed. To prevent the child from smothering in such close quarters a little

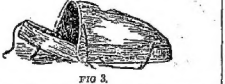

FIG 3.

hole is left at the top, which is covered with skins. This the mother opens now and then, and lets in what fresh air is absolutely needed. This cradle may be hung to the side of the house, or to the saddle when travelling.

Most of the cradles of the Russian tribes are meant to be suspended. One of these is sometimes made in the form of a basket, sometimes with little legs which allow it to set on the ground. Some cradles are so made that they may be carried by the mother as she works in the field, and have over them little canopies to keep the sun from troubling the babies.

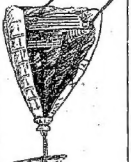

FIG 4.

Many of the American Indian and Eskimo cradles have these awnings, as in Fig. 9. This is a birch-bark cradle of the Alaska Indians. The canopy in this case is used not so much to keep off the sun as for a frame on which to stretch a netting to keep the mosquitoes from making a meal of the baby.

Some of the awnings both in Russia and Arctic America are used to hang playthings to, and often to protect the child's head from blows, which it might receive in falling. Occasionally they are used to change the shape of the child's head, as we shall see. All these cradles, wherever found, have little beds of feathers, felt, hay, straw, or old clothes. They also have a little pillow, and a curtain of calico, linen or silk.

In Russia, in order to teach them to sit up straight, the children are bolstered up with rags, in chests or boxes, until they cannot help but sit straight.

In Tobolsk, Siberia, the people cut off the trunk of a tree (Fig. 5), hollow it out, and make a seat on the inside, with a place for the legs to hang down; and into this solid chair the baby is put. The block is so heavy that it cannot be tipped over by the child. The Alaskans have rude chairs, really blocks with a high back, to which the child is strapped in order to teach him to sit up.

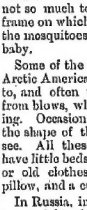

FIG 5.

In southern Russia a board is placed between the child's legs, as it lies in the cradle frame, in such a way as to spread the hips apart. This is done so that, when he is grown to manhood, his legs will fit around a horse. This deformation is said to be so successful that the people belonging to this tribe are never thrown from their horses.

The simplest and most primitive of the cradles in America are those of the Comanches (Fig. 6), who live in New Mexico and Texas. It is a straight piece of bear-skin laced up, with a little piece sewed into the foot. Into this the papoose is tucked and laid down in the hut, or swung on the mother's back.

Very elaborate, in comparison with this simple cocoon, is the cradle of the Sioux (Fig. 7), who live in Dakota and Wyoming. The wooden frame is painted yellow, and is studded with brass nails. The little Sioux is strapped so tight to the cradle which rests on this frame that he grows perfectly straight. The Indians believe that as a result his lungs are strong and he is long-lived.

FIG. 6.

So soon as he begins to know anything, the Sioux baby looks up and sees a wooden hoop above him, upon which are little bells, feathers, bright pieces of tinsel and rags. With these he may play if he is in the humor; but if he is jaunting along on his mother's back, as she rides on her pony across the country, he can only watch his playthings as they are shaken by the motion of the horse or blown by the wind, for then his arms are strapped down to keep him from hurting himself.

When he grows still older and begins to look at his coverlid, he sees on it all sorts of queer figures—horses and dogs, and men pictured in bright red, yellow and blue quills. In this cradle he lives until he is half a year old. Although he may be the cause of much pride to his mother, I should not think she would take much comfort with him, because, since she must hold him, house and all, she cannot cuddle and snuggle him, nor feel his soft, warm cheek.

For my part, I should be quite as happy to tend a baby done up in a starch box. But all people, fortunately, are not alike. A white mother loves you if you say her child is beautiful, whereas an Indian mother cares not at all for looks, but will fight if told that her child—a boy, of course, for girls are not considered worth caring for—is not strong.

FIG 7.

One of the peculiarities of the Sioux is their custom of carrying the cradle after the child is dead.

"If the infant dies during the time that is allotted to it to be carried in the cradle, it is buried, and the disconsolate mother fills the cradle with black quills and feathers in the part which the child's body had occupied. In this way she carries it around with her for a year or more, wherever she goes, with as much care as if her infant were alive and in it; and she often lays or stands it against the side of the wigwam, where she is all day engaged with her needle-work, chatting and talking to it as familiarly and affectionately as if it were her loved infant instead of its shell.

"So lasting and so strong is the affection of these women for their lost child, that it matters not how heavy or cruel their load, or how rugged the route they have to pass over; they will faithfully carry this, and carefully, from day to day."

On our north-western coast are Indians who do not think round heads are pretty. They take a board, or bag of sand, which they strap on the forehead of their soft-headed pappooses, keeping it there many weeks, until the head is shaped off to a peak in the back (Fig. 8). This process seems cruel, but the baby knows nothing at all, and very likely the Indians reason that people are not hurt unless they know it.

FIG 8.

The little Flatheads, when they take a bath, do not have a pretty tub, scented soap and soft linen towels. They do not even have warm water.

The mother takes the water in her mouth, spurts it on the child, and rubs it with her hand.

Some of the half civilized tribes of the world do not wash their children until they are a good many weeks old, believing that bathing weakens them. In some parts of Russia, on the contrary, the mothers hold them near a steaming kettle of water, rub them long and hard, and then send them out into the snow to cool off. We should expect a child to die of pneumonia in a little time after such treatment as that; yet we do not learn that those little Russians perish in this way.

Some of the south-eastern people of Russia, among the Georgians and Armenians, think that short-necked people are deformed. When, therefore, they put their children in their cradles—which are nearer like our own than any we have here described—they strap them down and put the hair or straw pillows under their shoulders in such a way that their heads, hanging down, stretch out their necks, and make them grow long.

They have, too, certain caps which they put on the heads of children to make them grow long. They do this to shape the head to a kind of a bonnet which they wish them to wear, instead of making the bonnet to fit the head.

When girls are six years old they put on a corset made of leather which is worn night and day, and which is so high that it covers the collar-bone in front. Upon it wooden boards are sewn, in such a way that the wearer is nevermore to bend over. This garment is dreaded by the girls, but they are obliged to wear it until they are married; or, in case they do not find a husband, until they die.

The Cheremissians, a half-pagan tribe who live on the left bank of the Volga, in Russia, are remarkable for their very straight women. The young girls have their heads tied to the back of their belt, so they cannot stoop.

The children of Lower California often stand and walk before they are a year old. When they are born, they are cradled in the shell of a turtle, or on the ground. As soon as the child is a few months old, the mother places it astride of her shoulders, its legs hanging down on both sides in front. In this way the mother roves about all day, exposing her naked and helpless charge to the hot rays of the sun.

Certain early travellers in America, Captain John Smith among others, declared in their letters that the Indian babies were born white, and that their mother dyed them with certain juices and oil, to make them bear exposure to the weather. The truth is that they are undoubtedly born much lighter than mature Indians, and turn to a darker color afterwards.

FIG. 9.

This moment, as we read, some little Laplander is swinging along on a reindeer's horn in his fur-lined boat; some little Eskimo is sleeping away his baby days in his mother's hood; some little Lower Californian is being rocked in a turtle shell; some young warrior of the Sioux is swinging in his birch-bark house in the tree-top, while his mother works below; some little Georgian is making a swan-like neck for himself; some little Comanche in his bear-skin case, not so wholesome and sweet-scented as we wish he were, is rolling about in a wigwam; some little Caucasian is trying to grow that she may rid herself of her cruel boards; some little Turkish gipsy is journeying along in a pack, such as a peddler carries; and some little African, held to his mother's back by a shawl, is dozing away in the sun.

In a few years all these restless little people will have ceased to be restless. They will have grown up, and become men and women. But the shells, the hoods, the bear-skins, the corsets will not be empty; there will be the same wiggling, the same laughing, the same crying of another generation. From the shells, the hoods, the bear-skins and the corsets, roll out the warriors and wives of barbarian peoples.

—*Harriet Taylor Upton, in Youth's Companion.*

ROBERT WHITTAKER McALL, D.D.

Said a gentleman once on his return from a visit to Paris, in speaking of Dr. McAll. "When I saw that man, so gracious, so gentle, and yet wielding such marvellous power, I felt that the most wonderful sight not only in Paris, but in Europe was Dr. McAll himself."

Though little more than twenty years have passed since Dr. McAll was first in Paris, the fame of what he has been able to accomplish there has long since been world wide. On August 18, 1871, not three months after the loved Archbishop of Paris had fallen a victim of the Commune and near a spot where many priests had been massacred by the furious mob,—in Belleville, the very hot bed of the Commune, Robert McAll and his wife stood in front of a wine shop distributing tracts. As they stood there a man stopped and said in good English, "Sir, are you not a Christian minister? If so, I have something of importance to say to you. You are at this moment in the midst of a district inhabited by thousands and tens of thousands of us working men. To a man we have done with an imposed religion, a religion of superstition. But if any one would come to teach us a religion of another kind, a religion of freedom and earnestness, many of us are ready to listen."

Such a call could not to be disregarded by such a man. Robert McAll came of Highland ancestry. His father and grandfather were ministers, and as to his own profession, the French workman judged rightly. He was then pastor of a church in Hadley, Eng. He was a scholar, of refined tastes, and had fitted himself to be an architect. On the coming seventeenth of December he would complete his fiftieth year. It was ignorance of French that had led him to resort to the method of distributing tracts. But the strange call came to one who, above everything else, was not disobedient to heavenly visions. In earlier years fame and fortune had been sacrificed for the ministry; and now when assured that he had again heard a divine summons, he opened his first mission hall on January 17, 1872. Police officials who favored the work said that it could more easily be done in the worst quarter of London. Twenty-four chairs, Mr. McAll was told, would be an ample supply. On the second evening one hundred were needed, and last year a million and a quarter of people thronged the stations in France Corsica, and Algiers, now numbering nearly one hundred and fifty.

Says Theodore Monod, who bears a name highly honored, "When I became a pastor I wanted to have a mid-week service, and I could not get a baker's dozen to attend. Mr. McAll came and opened a hall a short distance away, and he fills it every night in the year except Saturday." A result is that the mission has counted among its earnest helpers such men as Monod, Bersier, and Pressense. The leader's consecrated ingenuity is shown in the history of the mission boat moored in the Seine in one of the most magnificent quarters of Paris, and visited by 23,500 people in seven weeks. It is now planned to build a boat that shall traverse the network of waterways giving access to all parts of France.

Dr. McAll's artistic talent finds play in the composition of hymns, which, aided by his wife's skill, have made music a leading feature of their work, the favorite tunes being those familiar in gospel meetings here. Dr. McAll has not the remarkable eloquence for which his father was famed, but the son's smile has won hearts as effectually as did the father's silvern speech, and his presence every night in a meeting is an inspiration when his voice is not heard. He went to France knowing only how to say, "God loves you," "I love you;" and he has been teaching others to say the same. The lower classes are gained, but high officials are also charmed. The gospel story is told; controversy is never allowed; opposition is disarmed; even Catholic priests are won, and prefects of police say, "Where there are McAll missions we need fewer police."

"I remember," writes the Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., a most gracious and kindly welcome at Dr. McAll's flower-embowered home and hospitable dinner table in the outskirts of Paris, some four years ago. The great evangelist was not at home when called upon, but the writer was made to feel exceedingly welcome by the gracious hospitality of Mrs. McAll while awaiting her husband's arrival. In half an hour he came home, thin and pale, and quite exhausted by a hard morning's work in securing a new building for one of his missions in the heart of communistic Paris. His frail body looked as if it could endure no further strain, and yet for the rest of that day he had engagements enough to weary a Hercules, and every day since has been full to overflowing of earnest service. I left that beautiful home strongly impressed with its unaffected, unostentatious, simple, and Christly character.

ROBERT WHITTAKER M'ALL, D.D.

A TEACHER TAUGHT.

BY MAUD RITTENHOUSE.

The text for that Sunday was in bright letters on the black-board, and the children spelled it out carefully, following the click of Mrs. Champney's little pointer.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

The superintendent, looking in at the door of the room, congratulated himself that he had secured this particular teacher for his primary class. How bright and earnest she was! How simple and sweet her language! How plain and practical her illustrations! At the close of the lesson, he felt that no child among those sixty little boys and girls could possibly have failed to understand the lesson and to appreciate all of its beauty and helpfulness.

And then he listened as she told them the story of a little maiden who had tried to "mind" the things Christ "minded" and to keep in her heart the spirit of the Master. The children scarcely stirred while she spoke. It was a pretty story, wherein the small heroine, having denied herself that she might invite a shabby and unpopular little play-fellow to her birthday party, was doubly repaid in the happiness of her guest and the approval of her own conscience.

"And, mamma," little Harry Champney said, squeezing his mother's gloved fingers as they walked home, "it means for us all to try to be like Susie, doesn't it, and to want to do the things we think Jesus would do?"

"Yes, dearie, that's what it means," the mother responded; and then they walked on in silence, Harry deeply impressed with the lesson and the story.

It was several days later that Mrs. Champney in her airy dining-room sat, pencil in hand, dotting names and numbers into her note-book. Mrs. Dana and Mrs. Wyld sat with her; and Harry, unobserved, built towering block houses off in the sunny bay-window.

"The weather will be perfect for it," Mrs. Wyld remarked, looking down the gleaming street where the maple trees were showering scarlet leaves. "And it will be all the more delightful for being planned in such a hurry. I always love impromptu parties."

"The roads are fine!" Mrs. Dana interposed, "and the nuts so thick they cover the ground. My boys were out Saturday, and they say there never has been such a year for nuts. I declare I feel like a child over it! I can hardly wait for to-morrow to come!"

"There is room for one more in our hack," Mrs. Champney said thoughtfully. "It's a pity to waste any space."

"There's Mrs. Boardman," Mrs. Dana suggested.

"But she has a couple of guests. We couldn't well leave them out."

"Or Miss Owen—she's so entertaining."

"She went to Chicago yesterday."

Harry, in the corner, had dropped a shower of blocks with reckless disregard of the last high house, and was listening with all his ears.

"Mamma," he said, coming gravely toward her, "why don't you ask old Mrs. Stimson round the corner? I guess she'd like to go nutting."

At this the ladies laughed in concert, so spontaneously, so merrily, that Harry smiled a little too, although he looked at them with puzzled eyes.

"Fancy old Mrs. Stimson sitting down to lunch with Mrs. Burns or Mrs. Inglis!" Mrs. Wyld exclaimed, and there were actual tears of amusement in her blue eyes.

"Poor old soul, how out of place she would feel!" Mrs. Champney said. "No, little son, I'm afraid we could not ask old Mrs. Stimson. She hardly goes with this set," and she smiled a little as she patted her small boy's curly head.

Harry looked but the more puzzled as he said, "But isn't it the same for you as for Susie?"

"What can the childie mean?" his mother laughed, gathering him up into her arms.

"Oughtn't big folks to try same as little ones to 'let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus?' Susie asked the poor little girl to her party. Doesn't it mean for you to ask the poor lady to your party too, just the same?"

Mrs. Champney's laughing face had grown suddenly very grave.

Her own preaching was certainly being preached again to her, and her inconsistency standing forth in plain view to even this small reasoner. What a point she had made of little Susie's selfishness at the first in being unwilling to ask her shabby little friend to mingle among pretty, happy, more fortunate ones! And she herself—what reason had she for refusing a day's pleasure to this lonely woman save that she too was shabby and obscure and unfortunate?

Sudden tears leaped to her eyes as she said to little Harry:

"Mamma will ask Mrs. Stimson this very morning, for indeed it is the same, and 'big folks ought to try same as little ones to have the Christ mind within.'" And then as the child went happily back to his blocks she briefly told her friends the story of last Sunday's lesson, and her determination to practise hereafter as she preached.

Mrs. Wyld went with her, half an hour later, to the little brown house around the corner.

Old Mrs. Stimson, bending over her needle, had reached that stage of physical weariness and mental depression where it seemed to her the monotony and cheerlessness of her life had grown a burden she could hardly bear. She had tried so earnestly to be cheerful and do what good she could in the great world, but her efforts seemed so pitifully weak, and the mere struggle for existence so hard, that her courage well-nigh failed her. All morning her heart had been dwelling with a longing she could not stifle upon the old glad days of her girlhood, when the sun, the fields, the forests, the song of birds and the tinkle of streams seemed her natural heritage. How she had loved the brilliant Autumn time in the dear old country home, the leaves rustling and crackling under foot, the nuts dropping and rattling through the interlacing boughs, the chattering of the squirrels, the smell of the golden-rod, and the long tramps over the winding yellow roads!

She wiped an unbidden tear from her faded eyes as she stitched, stitched away.

And then there was a rap at the door, and a bright little woman stood there smiling, greeting her with extended hand, and inviting her, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, to join their next day's nutting-party.

"You needn't bother about lunch, for my basket is huge—unless you would like to take a loaf of your delicious brown bread. Then I'm afraid my angel-cake would never be touched."

Mrs. Stimson's careworn face flushed with pleasure. She took such pride in her brown bread, and she would feel so much easier if she could contribute a little toward the festivities. Wise Mrs. Champney knew that well.

"And wear heavy shoes and some old wool dress, so that you can tramp without fear and not mind burs and briers or any picnic accidents. And bring a basket or bag, whatever you do, to put your nuts and treasures in. The woods are full of pretty things now!"

The very shabby little room looked new and different when Mrs. Stimson turned back into it, having seen her callers out. And if tears again splashed down her thin cheeks they were the tears that gladden and refresh.

So happy a heart beat all next day beneath the old wool gown of this gladdened woman that the happiness was infectious, pervading the very air. When Mrs. Inglis said to Mrs. Champney at the day's close, "I never enjoyed the time so before?" Mrs. Burns added heartily, "And what a bright, sweet woman Mrs. Stimson is, and what a thorough lady! Though she's almost a stranger to most of us, the day would not have been complete without her!"

"That from the aristocratic Mrs. Burns!" Mrs. Wyld ejaculated under her breath, and then she added softly, her arm through her friend's, "Dear little Harry! He pointed the way to the only happiness that is real and abiding. If we could only remember always to try more for the mind that is in Christ Jesus!"—*Advance.*

STRENGTHEN ONE ANOTHER'S HANDS.

Pray for one another, teachers. Not only let there be a fellowship in work but when alone with Christ, let there be also a fellowship at the throne of grace. The structure of a school is strong where co-operation exists, but stretching among the joints and pillars of such work let there be seen the strengthening and binding beams of prayer. Make strong one another's hands by joining them at the throne of grace.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

The Metals
By Laura E. Richards
Illustrated by Chas. Copeland
1
In the earth's dark bosom
Long I slumbered deep;
Till the hardy miners
Woke me from my sleep.
Now I flash and glitter,
Now I'm bought and sold;
Everyone for me doth run,
For my name is GOLD
In jewels and money
I shine, I shine,
The great world of riches
Is mine, Is mine,
Yet he who would live
For my sake alone
Is poorer, more wretched
Than he who has none.....
2
I, your sister SILVER,
Pure and fair and white,
I was made like you, to give
Pleasure and delight.
Mines in Colorado,
And in far Peru,
Yield my shining whiteness up
To be a mate for you.
The forks and spoons,
And the baby's cup.
The plates that are set
Where the Queen doth sup
The coffee and teapots,
The cream pitcher too,
The money to buy them,
All show my hue....
3
I am Father IRON!
I am not a beauty
But when called upon, you'll find
I will do my duty.
Melted in the furnace,
I am wrought and cast,
Making now a tiny tack,
Now an engine vast.
The horseshoes, the boilers,
The stoves, the sinks,
The cable that holds
The good ship with its links,
The tongs and the poker,
The wire so fine,
The pickaxe and shovel,
Are mine, are mine....
4
Hail, my Father Iron!
I, your son, am STEEL.
Heating and then cooling
Men did me anneal.
With the silver's brightness
With the strength of iron
Here I stand, a metal
All men may rely on.
I flash in the sword,
In the dagger keen.
In rails and in engines
My glint is seen.
The scissors the needle,
The knife and the pen.
And many more things,
I have given to men....
5
ALL TOGETHER
So, ever and ever, hand in hand,
We circle the earth with a fourfold band.
The servants of man so leal and true,
By day and by night his work we do....

SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By Marguerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued.)*

The time came, however, when Sweet William's dreams were in part realized; but, like all of our dreams, it came about so differently from what he had fancied that it scarcely seemed to him like the thing he had been wishing for so long. A little less than a month after my lord's departure from Mount St. Michael, there was one bright morning great sport going on at the castle, in the shape of a splendid hunt to the great forest. Hounds and horses, young men and ladies, among whom the little Lady Constance was by no means the least conspicuous, were gathering for a day of merry frolic; and the whole air about Mount St. Michael trembled with the sound of their mingled voices.

By some strange hazard the hunters had taken a lonely, narrow road from the fortress that wound around the foot of the Great Tower, and thence led miles away into the very heart of the forest. It was a road seldom taken by my lord himself in his chase, and it was almost untravelled by any human being. It was the road that led across that vast stretch of country overlooked by one of William's tower windows. That day the little boy sat beside this window, which he himself had named "Sweet William's Bower," because it was there he loved to sit alone and think about all the great things he would do when he grew to be a man. It was there he dreamed all his young dreams, and wondered silently at the mystery that hung over his young life. It was there he sat at dusk and watched the little stars come peeping through the darkness, and breathed the crisp salt-breeze that wafted from the sea.

He loved this outlook best, even though it was barren and unlovely—perhaps because it was more in harmony with his dreary little life. But he did not know this; he only knew that it was the place he loved best in his quietest moods; and he felt, rather than thought, that the lonely country which no one ever crossed was his childhood, and the deep, mysterious forest beyond it the great Some Day which Mathilde said held something hidden for him. If he sat there through the day, Guilbert never made so bold as to disturb his reveries, not even to propose the rescuing of an imaginary fair cousin from the jaws of some no less imaginary dragon, which was a favorite amusement with them both when little William felt heroically inclined. He had often said to his nurse that he knew some time he would look out of his Bower window and see something pleasant. He did not know exactly when or what, but he felt it would be something that would make him happy. He begged Mathilde not to laugh at him, nor call it one of his odd little fancies; and he was so earnest in his belief that the good nurse never did.

And truly enough, on that same bright morning, when the warm sunlight streamed down from heaven like a flood, making even that desolate landscape beautiful, Sweet William from his Bower beheld the fairest vision of his dreams.

A troop of hunters were riding gaily down the road, with their hounds barking and chasing after them in great glee, their falcons perched upon their shoulders, and their cross-bows slung at their sides. Shouts of merry laughter came up from the happy throng, and the sound of the hunting-horns filled the air, and echoed loudly against the wall of the Great Tower.

Sweet William heard and saw it all. But from amid the whole company he singled out one little figure sitting erect upon a horse of spotless white. Golden ripples of hair fell all over her shoulders like a veil and her wide-awake blue eyes sparkled with life and happiness. A cry of admiration burst from his childish lips.

"It is Constance!" he exclaimed, starting and clasping his little hands tightly. "Look, look, Mathilde, how beautiful she is!"

It was Constance, and she was beautiful indeed. The bloom of morning and of youth was upon her cheek, and the ring of her clear voice was like the chiming of silver bells. She looked like a nodding rose upon a bed of snow, as she sat upon the great white Roncesvalles. And he, too, was beautiful; for my lady had, with her own loving hands, decked him out with garlands of marguerites that hung in stately grace around his arched neck.

"Holy Mother!" cried Mathilde, "it is the little lady herself. How did you know, sweet, that it was Constance?"

"Because she is like the Constance you have so often told me of, only a thousand times more fair. Oh, nurse, she looks like a goodly little maid, and loving; for see how she leans over the noble horse, and seems to jest with him, and sends smiles and kisses to him withal!"

"Roncesvalles is my lady's best comrade," said nurse.

"I would, then, that Roncesvalles and I were friends. I think, Mathilde, that angels can scarce be lovelier than my cousin Constance. Oh, tell me more of her, dear nurse. You have not told me half enough. We should have spoken of nothing else if I had known she was so beautiful. What is she doing in this great company? and why are they riding away, away so far? Soon I shall see her no more."

Mathilde drew near to her darling, and folded her arms about him tenderly; for a sudden fear sprang up in her heart at the sight of his agitation. She tried to soothe him with kind words, and to make light of his surprise; but his dark eyes had a wistful look in them, and his fair cheeks were flushed, and he spoke in a hurried, excited little voice, which she had never heard before.

"They are off to the chase, I fancy—to hunt all day in the wild woods, and come home weary and faint with their day's sport. Come sit upon my knee, sweetheart, and I will tell you what wild frolic is in a chase; and at nightfall we will watch again for them and see them bringing back their game."

But William lingered a moment longer at his window, not seeming to hear his good nurse, his eyes fixed on the galloping white steed, and his thoughts with its fair rider. In that same moment, Constance, as if drawn by the power of that earnest look, turned back. Her eyes rested on the distant tower, searching for something; then they wandered higher and higher, till they fell at last on Sweet William's Bower and the face that looked down from it.

And that face, as Constance saw it, was the face of a little boy—a sweet, earnest

face, so pure and white, framed in its wealth of rich brown curls; a face lighted up by a pair of great soft eyes that shone like two stars in the deep midnight; a face that would have been sad but for the smile that lurked in the upturned corners of his little mouth; a face that once seen, one might never forget. Constance saw it all in one look, and remembered it ever after.

"Come, dear heart, will not you hear about the hunt?" said Mathilde, drawing him gently to her side; "or must I let Guilbert tell it to you? He has a better memory, and a marvellous tongue for story-telling, has Guilbert, as you know; and I feel he could delight your ears better than I. For it is many and many a year since your old nurse has seen such sports."

"No, no, dear *maman*" (Sweet William always called his nurse so when he was very fond of her); "not Guilbert this time, but you. Guilbert would make me laugh, he always does—he is such a dear, merry soul. I would rather think now; and you know I can always think better so." And he stole one arm about her neck, while his head rested lovingly on her shoulder.

"Well, well, let me see," said Mathilde, trying to recall something she had never witnessed. "As I said before, it is a long, long while since I was in a chase—so long that I sometimes think I was never in one at all. And that is much more likely, for in my days little girls had milder sports; and galloping about on fiery steeds over rocky places, and jumping deep ditches, and keeping company with fierce birds whose sharp claws and ugly beaks are enough to frighten one, was considered much too dangerous. But now—"

"Oh, were you a little girl once!" asked Sweet William incredulously—"a little girl like my cousin Constance?"

"Yes, sure, my love, though not so fair as your sweet cousin. In truth, William, I think, with you, that my Lady Constance is more like an angel than a child, for loveliness."

"And was your hair the color of gold, like hers? It is so white, and more like silver now," said he, softly touching the locks that strayed from beneath her cap.

"Alas, no! mine was more like the plumes of a crow; and many's the time my heart ached with it, for my ears were sore with hearing myself called a blackbird and a cinder-wench, and what not. I would fain have cut it off to please those who found fault with it, and to silence their tongues."

"It would have been better had you cut their tongues out for grieving you so," returned Sweet William warmly. "But no one speaks so to you now, dear nurse?" he asked, with tender solicitude.

"No, no, my sweetling; every one has forgotten what a dark little witch old Mathilde was once, and every one thinks kindly of her gray locks now,—but most of all, I trust, a little boy who is dearer to her than all the golden-haired little fairies in Normandy."

Sweet William kissed her, and Mathilde went on: "But we are talking of brave little fairies, and our thoughts have wandered from the chase. In my young days, William, the ways of children were different from what they are now. Nowadays nothing is too daring; and methinks I shall hear of my lady's capturing a wild boar all by her little self some of these fine days."

"My cousin is a brave little maid, is she not?"

"My lady knows not the word 'fear,'" replied Mathilde, with much earnestness, as she thought of the intrepid way in which that little person had grown in intimacy with her redoubtable father—a creature more to be dreaded, in Mathilde's eyes, than all the wild beasts she knew of.

"And one has need to be brave to seek such peril for pleasure," she went on: "it makes one tremble to think of the mad rushing and scampering and the wild shouting that goes on to track a single deer. I can almost see them following after it, over the copse and fallen trees, across streams and over hillocks, until the poor thing falls from weariness or from one of their arrows. Oh, it is a wild game, and a great game in these days, my sweet; and you and I would rather talk of it than be in it, would we not?"

"And my fair cousin loves this sport?" said William half to himself. "I thought she looked happy. Oh what a day this will be for her! I should love to see her in the midst of it with the beautiful Roncesvalles, for I know he is a good and swift horse at the chase."

"My lady and Roncesvalles are good hunters both of them, and there is nothing they love more than this."

"And has she a falcon, too, like the rest of the hunters?" inquired Sweet William, whose interest in his fair cousin could not be quelled even by Mathilde's stirring account of a chase.

"Yes; and a cross ugly bird it is to every one but my lady," returned Mathilde "But he knows her call well, and always comes back to her with some bright pheasant or a long-legged heron, when she sets him a-flying."

(To be Continued.)

WHAT THE FARMER DID.

REV. D. B. MERRILL.

Seated side by side on the mossy bank of a stream were two of the recent graduates of the Mainville high school. There was a very serious look on their faces to-day, as if they had outgrown the care-free play-day of boyhood, and graver and more important matters demanded consideration. "It's no use, Charlie; I shall have to give it up. I would rather go to college with you, and then through the theological seminary, than anything else in the world, and if father had lived, it might have been; but now here is the old farm with the debt on it, and mother is sick, and there is nobody to look after her but me. You will have to go on alone, and preach for both of us when you get through with your studies, for it seems that the Lord has not counted me worthy of so great a work."

"I don't think that is it at all, George. The way may be opened yet for you to go on with your studies; and if not, the Lord has some other work for you to do. We all know that you have talents, and they will be sure to find use somewhere."

"Perhaps there is just the trouble. You have all flattered me so much that I had come to think that I was called to do some great thing, when it was just my own ambition that called me to it, but it is all right, and perhaps I shall see it some time."

"Of course you will, and I don't believe the Lord will keep you tied down to the old farm all your life."

Soon after this interview the boys separated. Charles was able with much self-denial to carry out his plans, and became a useful pastor in a mission church.

George remained at home on the farm. It seemed to him as if the offering of his young life had been rejected; but his devotion to Christ was more than a devotion to a profession, and so he gradually overcame the disappointment and gave himself heartily to the duties which came to him. The farm prospered, and other business which he undertook turned out well. Mainville was a thriving town, and George Farmer had an active interest in its most successful enterprises. His invalid mother felt life renewed in the joy and satisfaction which he gave her; and the young wife who came to share his home regarded him with honest pride as the best of husbands.

Not long after his marriage a sad-faced, poorly-dressed boy of fourteen called at his home in search of employment. George needed help on the farm and gladly arranged to give the stranger a home and pay him such small amount as his services might be worth.

The boy proved faithful and willing, and George found that his protege could do enough to pay for his board during term-time and earn enough for needed clothing in vacations. Both in the school and in the equally valuable lessons of practical life in the home he proved an apt pupil; and at the end of four years he had completed the high school course, and also acquired such habits of industry and frugality as made it possible for him to push his way successfully through all the obstacles to a liberal education.

It was not long after this boy had became an inmate of Mr. Farmer's household before he required further help, and another friendless boy was found with whom similar arrangements were made; and then another and another were added to this little industrial household, until at one time not less than eight were enjoying its opportunities. They were among the brightest and most diligent pupils of the high school, and by such an addition as they brought to the numbers and interest the citizens of the town came to feel more pride in it. Larger appropriations were made, better teachers employed, and the course of instruction advanced. For nearly twenty years this good work had been continued with increasing success.

It was after this long interval that Charles, the clergyman, visited his early home, and the old friends met once more. They talked of their work, but chiefly of that of Charles. He had been moderately successful, but had met with many trials, and just now was greatly perplexed over the question of the education of his children. His eldest son had made as much advancement as could be expected in the little country town where they resided, and his father was not able to incur the expense of a boarding-school.

"If he will accept of my humble accommodations, and is willing to work, I will see that your boy has a high school education with no expense to you," George said; then, with the freedom of old familiar friendship, he told a little of the work into which he had been so strangely led. Charles listened with interest, and was only too glad to accept the kind offer. As he went about among his old acquaintances, he heard from every quarter the most glowing accounts of George Farmer and his work. About twenty-five boys in all had been helped in this most practical way, and with very little expense to their benefactor.

Nearly half of them had taken, or were then pursuing, a college course. Among the graduates were Christian men in several of the learned professions. One was the efficient principal of the high school from which he graduated. Another, who became a home missionary pastor in one of the newer Western States, had founded an academy which was rapidly growing into a Christian college, and nearly all of them were filling honorable positions. Charles listened with delight, and it was with a new admiration for his friend that he strolled with him one day down to their old haunt by the stream. Here they sat in silence for a little time, until Charles exclaimed, "George, old fellow, I have pitied you many a time when I have thought of your disappointment, but I have learned that my pity was all wasted. Truly success is not in fulfilling our purposes, but in just carrying out God's plan. Sometimes I fear that the help which I received in acquiring an education has weakened me and made me more dependent upon others; while the obstacles which you encountered have given you strength and self-reliance, and made you a worthy teacher of the very qualities which the leaders in society most need. I will not envy, but I do rejoice in your work, for God has surely given it to you." When George spoke after a pause it was apparently with a change of subject: "It is good to be together again by the old stream, and it is singing on the same song we used to hear so often. Sometimes, when I have been here alone, it has pleased me to think how it has been making so merry all these years over the very stones which are most in its way."—*American Messenger.*

A DREAM.

Mr. D. L. Moody says: "I heard of a Pharisaical man some time ago who was going to get into heaven in his own way. He did not believe in the Bible or the love of God, but was going to get in on account of his good deeds. He was very liberal, gave a great deal of money, and he thought the more he gave the better it would be for him in the other world. This man dreamed one night that he was building a ladder to heaven, and he dreamed that every good deed he did, put him one round higher on this ladder, and when he did an extra good deed it put him up a good many rounds; and in this dream he kept going, going up, until at last he got out of sight, and he went on and on, doing his good deeds, and the ladder went up higher and higher, until at last he thought he saw it run up to the very throne of God. Then in his dream he thought he died, and that a mighty voice came rolling down from above: 'He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber,' and down came his ladder, and he awoke from his sleep, and thought: 'If I go to heaven, I must go some other way.' My friends, it is by the way of true trust in the blood of Christ that we can reach heaven."

THE ENDEAVORERS' RELATION AND DUTY TO GOD.

Ye are of God. (1 John 4:4.)
Yield yourselves unto God. (Rom. 6:13.)

People of God. (Heb. 11:25.)
Pray without ceasing. (1 Thess. 5:17.)

Servants of God. (1 Pet. 2:16.)
Stand fast in the faith. (1 Cor. 16:13.)

Children of God. (1 John 3:10.)
Commit thy way unto the Lord. (Ps. 37:5.)

Elect to God. (Col. 3:12.)
Ever follow that which is good. (1 Thess. 5:15.)

—*Golden Rule.*

FAITH.

Turn to the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Acts: "And his name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong; yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness." There you have the origin of faith, the author of faith, the object of faith, the nature of faith, the effects of faith.—*Dean Lefroy.*

AN OUNCE of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with.—*Fuller.*

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SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By Marguerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued.)*

The little boy remained silent. He was thinking what a happy, happy child his cousin must be, and what a score of things she had to make her so, and what Mathilde had said of her goodness, and how so many people loved her, and above all, how beautiful she was.

"Tell me, dear nurse," he said at length, "when shall I see my sweet cousin again? If I could but look on her every day, as I did this morning, I could think of her all the day and dream of her all the night, and I should be so happy;" and his lip quivered, and his dark eyes grew sadder. For with the sight of that fair picture of happiness and beauty, there rose suddenly a great yearning in his hungry little heart.

The good nurse saw this, and her soul grew sick at the thought of this first ripple in the quiet contentment of his little life. The fear that he should come to know his wretched lot, or long for something which she could not give him, made her miserable. Alas! she could make no promise. She could only encourage him with tender, hopeful words, and fondle him in her arms and try to make him feel that much love was his, though it came but from her own old heart.

She coaxed him to go and have a game with Guilbert, feeling grieved that she had not been able to draw his thoughts away from the events of the morning. But Sweet William had no wish to be amused, and would only sit in her lap and talk of all that was in his heart. And all that day they two sat quietly together, building many hopes, talking of many things, but principally of the little girl at the castle—of all that she did and said; of her pretty winning way that made every one love her so; of her fondness for Roncesvalles, the noble creature to whom she had given such a brave name; of her nurse, Lasette, who had brought her up just as Mathilde had Sweet William; of the great castle where she lived; and indeed of everything that now bore a new charm in his eyes because of its association with the little girl.

And at dusk Sweet William stood again at his Bower and watched for the coming home of the hunters, hoping to get another glimpse of his dear cousin; but night fell all too soon, and no train of riders crossed the lonely road again, nor were the notes of the bugle sounding their return heard about the walls of the Great Tower any more.

That night Sweet William had no play with Guilbert; and when he took up his little harp to sing with Nurse Mathilde, his fingers wandered idly over the chords, and she was more than once left singing alone, while he asked some distracted question about my Lady Constance. And when at last he laid his young head down to rest and his eyelids drooped with sleep, the wondering smile that swept over his fair features and the broken words that fell from his unconscious lips, told of the subject of his dreams.

And Mathilde, the good devoted nurse, what was she thinking of that night as she bent over the sleeping William? and why did she hold her heart, and weep and kiss him over and over again, and lay her old cheek against his young one, and entreat him pitifully to forgive her and to love her always, as though his young ears had not been deaf to all but the voices of dreamland? And what dread was in her heart as she looked into the pure white face of her boy, and saw the same patient, gentle look steal back again, and the same sweet smile that made it infinitely more sad to her, now rest upon it like the bitterest reproach? She knelt beside him a long, long while, holding his little hand, winding his dark curls lovingly about her fingers, kissing his closed eyes, and calling him her darling, her heart's dearest, and praying Heaven to spare him; until at length Guilbert, who from his post without had been watching her, came noiselessly to her side, and inquired what new fears she had for her little one.

"Oh, my kind friend," said Mathilde, recovering herself a little, "is my heart not always full of fears for him! Can I see him growing day by day in grace and loveliness, and not grow sick with wondering what is to become of my darling?"

"Nay, nay, you lose hope," returned the old keeper almost reproachfully, "and we must never do that. The dear one has not been unhappy with so good a mother as you, Mathilde, and he may never know his ill-luck till he is out of it."

"Ah, Guilbert, I fear he will know it too soon, too soon. Saw you not the change in him to-day after seeing his cousin Constance? He would talk of nothing else; think of nothing else; and I have strange misgiving that this is the beginning of something—I know not what—for my poor lamb." And Mathilde fell to sobbing and weeping bitterly.

This was terrible to the good keeper, who, besides cherishing a secret fondness for Nurse Mathilde, dreaded tears, next to my lord's anger, more than anything else in the world. Finding he could administer but little comfort, he entreated her to go and consult with Lasette, as she always did when especially concerned about Sweet William; and he himself sat beside the little couch, as he had done many a time before, watching the sleeping boy as tenderly and lovingly as any woman.

A moment later, Mathilde was speeding down the great staircase of the tower, through narrow passage-ways and gloomy corridors, and out into the wide court-yard where the moonlight fell so peacefully upon the slumbering world. Away, away she sped toward the old gray castle, where another child lay sleeping in that stately bedchamber where the twin babes had slept years ago. There the two nurses held a long and animated converse, speaking in hushed voices, confiding to each other the many hopes and fears which none but themselves could know. Lasette had much to tell Mathilde concerning my lady's discovery of the little boy in the Great Tower, of her eager questions about him, and of her own apprehensions lest that little lady's impetuous interest might lead to the good saints only knew what harm for them all.

It was far into the night when the nurse reached the tower chamber again, and found Guilbert gently nodding over his young charge, and Sweet William still sleeping and dreaming of bright little fairies with flying golden hair and rosy smiles that beckoned to him from afar.

CHAPTER VII.—A JOYFUL SURPRISE.

When Sweet William awoke late the next morning, the warm summer air was blowing softly at his windows, and the little birds were chirping noisily from their vines, as if chiding him for idly sleeping away the fresh morning hours. Nurse Mathilde was busy over a little table in Sweet William's Bower, carefully setting forth his simple morning meal, and dressing it with dainty nosegays here and there to delight his eyes. Old Guilbert was mounting guard with a somewhat impatient step in the dark entry without, occasionally stopping to put his head between the bars of the great dungeon door, and to smile a droll sort of smile at Mathilde, and nod mysteriously at his little prisoner.

Sweet William wondered why he felt so strange, and what it was that made yesterday seem so very long ago. Dear little boy! he did not know that something had just come into his life that would make all his yesterdays seem like a distant and almost forgotten past.

As he sat at his small breakfast, quietly discoursing with his nurse on the strange and unreal happenings of the previous day, the old keeper's hearty laugh was heard outside; and presently the heavy door creaked on its rusty hinges, and Guilbert announced in joyful and excited tones,—

"The Morning Sunshine, come to see Sweet William."

In walked my little lady, dancing like a sunbeam, looking about her with round and curious eyes, and crying eagerly as she caught sight of William,—

"Oh, my sweet cousin, do you not know me? I am your cousin Constance. I saw you at this window yesterday for the first time, and I would not sleep till nurse had told me all about you. She said your name is Sweet William—I think it is a lovely name—and that we are twin-cousins. Are you not glad?" she asked, embracing him in her prettiest and friendliest way.

Sweet William did not say he was glad but he looked radiantly happy, and for some time could only sit and gaze at her in speechless wonderment.

"I am very glad," Constance went on, "for I never had a cousin before; and I have scolded Lasette shamefully for not telling me about you sooner. I have never had a little comrade like you, Cousin William—no one but Roncesvalles. He is dear and good, and I love him. But he can never be my cousin nor yet my twin cousin; for though he is so big and strong, I am a year older than he. And so Lasette said if I would be very good and not ask her a score of questions, but do as I was bidden, I might come to see you to-day; and I promised, for I wanted to know my cousin very much."

"And I too," said Sweet William earnestly. "Lasette must be a good nurse, just like Mathilde."

"Yes; and I love her too. Oh, I love a great many people, cousin—old Jacques, and Francis, and nurse, and Roncesvalles, and the old, old peasant who lives at the foot of the mount, and has lost all his little grandchildren, and who says I look like my sweet young mother. But most of all I love my dear father. You have never seen my father, have you, Sweet William? Oh, no; nurse said you had not. He is a mighty lord, and I am sure you would love him as I do; for he is your dear uncle, as you are my dear cousin."

"And why did he not come with you?" inquired Sweet William.

"Oh, he is far away now in the great wars, fighting for his king. Had I only been a lad like you, cousin, I might have gone with him sometimes," added Constance with a little sigh.

"And will he return soon, and shall I know him then?" asked Sweet William eagerly.

"No; not for a long while yet. Nurse says we must never speak of you to him. I do not know why, and that is one of the questions I may not ask. But some day we shall surprise my lord, as I was surprised, and show him the little boy in the tower, and then we shall all be so happy. But this is all a secret. Have you ever had a secret, Cousin William?"

"Truly, I think never," answered Sweet William, with a puzzled look.

"Nor I, until now," rejoined my lady. "Nurse said to me, 'Constance, can you keep a secret?' and I said, 'Yes, nurse,' if it is not made of sweet stuff—I love comfits too well to keep them long, you know.' Here are some I saved for Roncesvalles; he is very fond of sweets, but I will give them to you instead. Then she told me all this—that my little cousin had lived in a Great Tower since he was a babe, and that no one ever saw him save his nurse and Guilbert the keeper; not even my lord. And she said he was a sweet and lovely child, never fretting naughtily like a little maid she once knew whose name was Constance. Then she wept a little when I was not looking, and said, talking to her needlework more than to me, that 'Oh, it was a thousand pities!' Then I was very angry—I am a wicked child sometime, Sweet William—and I scolded dreadfully, saying I would straightway take you from the tower, as I did the poor captives. But nurse wept all the more—she always does when I am wicked—and said I would make you very unhappy if I did, and bring great trouble upon her. I fancied you must be wretched in a dungeon and would wish to leave it. But this is not at all like the gloomy prison where I saw the two noblemen. It was a dreadfully cold, dark place, and very strange to them, I should think, for they had never been in a prison before."

"But this is not a prison, surely, dear cousin?" said the little boy questioningly. "I think it is a pleasant place, and have never wished to leave it."

"And are you quite happy here, Sweet William?"

"Yes, quite; but I shall be more so if you will come to see me often. We have great games, Guilbert and I together; and nurse teaches me so many nice things, and at twilight we sing together, and in the evening Guilbert tells the longest story of the times when he was young. Oh, you should hear some of them, cousin!"

"I will surely come every day. Indeed, Sweet William, I like your nurse Mathilde greatly. Her cap is a little queer, and different from Lasette's," she whispered confidentially, "but she has the same good face. And Guilbert must be a truly good friend," she added, as she studied the old keeper attentively; for she had never seen any one just like him, she thought. His eyes were so very sharp and bright, though his hair was as white as snow; and there was a smile of good nature in every wrinkle of his face. Then he looked so short and fat, with his wide ruff around his short neck, and his wide trousers caught in at the knees, and his quaint shoes with their great buckles and long pointed toes, that her little ladyship thought him the drollest creature she had ever seen.

(To be Continued.

"The Morning Sunshine, come to see Sweet William."